Lillian Russell's Racing Comedy

Wildfire

Made Into a Serial Story for The Evening World

by John Murray

Henrietta Barrington, a beautiful young widow, inherits her husband's racing stable. Under the name of "John Duffy" she privately continues the stable. Mat Donovan, a trainer, running it for her. Henrietta's younger sister, Myetle, is enraged to Raibh Woodharst, whose Furtanical father. Dr. Woodhurst, is author of an anti-incertack bill. Raibh secretly gambles, hiding this fact from his father. As Raibh and Myrtte, saying:

"As the lady ain't on the premises and country House (near the lecal racetack) Mrs. Barrington's colored maid, Hortense, hands Raibh a telegram.

had caught to a nicety the accent of the budding sprout of English nobility.

"Really!" gasped Bertie, who was unaccustomed to being answered back.

Grinning at Bertie in the most agravating fashion, Donovan turned to Myrtle, saying:

"As the lady ain't on the premises and since a certain party cut in I has no desire to linger. That's a lead pipe cinch. See?"

CHAPTER II.

Who Owns the Duffy Stable?

TELEGRAM for you, sir." as he did so. Myrtle, quick to observe you that time, old chap." any change in his countenance, asked

"No bad news, is it, Ralph?" Still confused, he replied: "No, in-

"Am dere any reply, sir?" broke in

Hortense. "No. Hortense. To relieve the tension, Janet sought to change the subject of conversation.

Misiting her." she observed. "I think its about the nicest house marty she ever had." Myrtle replied. think that Mr. Almsworth is one

Her encomfums of the younger son Hur encomiums of the younger son of a noble house were never finished, claimed Bertte. "Who is he, Ralph?" asked Myrtle. "His name is Donovan. That's about all I know of him." "He seemed to know you," Myrtle replied. tern more striking than modish. Ad- plied. cressing Ralph he said:

might find Mrs. Barrington." "My sister is out at present but will be back very soon," explained Myrtle.

be back very soon," explained Myrtle.

Donovan waited until the girls had The Man From the West. settered the house. Then turning to OR a moment the four young peo-"I gave it to you straight about

Halph held up his hand with a gesture the comment:

Bsh! Ssh! "I'm wise. But did you keep off

"No. John Duffy told me he was "Take it from me, that guy couldn't pick a necktie."

"Then why do you train for him?" I don't. I train for the John Duffy

"Doesn't he own the stable?" 'Did he ever tell you that he did?"

"Not in so many words, and I heard strue?"

Their tete-a-tetes were interrupted by true?"

Further discussion of the ownership the John Duffy Stable, or Ralph's ventures in the betting ring, was intrupted by the return of the girls from the house, accompanied by Bertie hom rank greeting.

In the effect that he didn't. Is the entrance of John Garrison, who the entrance of John Garrison, who they had fought one another in the chair:

"They had fought one another in the ownership they had fought one another in the chair:

"They had fought one another in the ownership they had fought one another in the chair:

"They had fought one another in the ownership to the portion of the principle of the morning."

Myrile arose from her seat at the table and shook his hand heartily had over devengeance when detailed. This was the first time they table conflict in years.

Turning to Mrs. Barrington and Mr.

They had fought one another in the chair:

"They had fought one another in the ownership to the portion of the principle of the morning."

They had fought one another in the chair:

"They had fought one another in the ownership that over devengeance when detailed. This was the first time they had over devengeance when details and shook his hand heartily.

They had fought one another in the chair:

"They had fought one another in the chair:

"They had fought one another in the chair:

"The ride back—well, I guess it was bad! Talk about your horses."

The raucous sound of an automobile hor both with the corning.

The raucous sound of an automobile hor broke the peaceful silence of the morning.

The raucous sound of an automobile hor broke the peaceful silence of the morning.

"They had fought one another in the chair:

"The raucous sound of an automobile hor broke the peaceful silence of the morning."

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"The raucous sound of an automo

bridges until 4 in the morning one deems't feel like getting up before"—
At this point he first spied Donovan.
"Beg pardon." he chattered. "Didn't know there were tradespeople here."
Donovan bristled up like a puppy at the sight of a wandering cat.
"Behave! Behave! I ain't no tradespeople. Don't pull nothin' like that on me, because when I go up ngalist the foreign element I'm a cold proposition."

Myrule sought to pour oil on the tradespeople waters by telling Bertie, "This man came to see my sister"

Bertie looked Donovan over very

Take my advice. Have the house and—and"— Is Mrs. Barrington about?"

Mrs. Barrington was an attractive woman just entering the thirties, the thirties, she and not only favored her with good looks, but blessed her as well worn a but drapperles for der house at Allendale."

With Mr. Sanderson this morning in his automobile."

"With Mr. Sanderson, eh?" Garrison mused.

"With Mr. Sanderson, eh?" Garrison mused.

"They went to look at—our—new home," explained Myrtle, who took up the chat with Garison.

Bertie, his breast swelling with impanced to Mrs. Barrington was an attractive woman just entering the thirties, deaven had not only favored her with good looks, but blessed her as well with an abundance of sound common sense. She had faced the looks of her fortune with equanimity. Without a making any one of the trials. To give her little sister all that a girl could desire side at times had been compelled to practise the strictest self-denial. The ownership of the thirties. For the thirties, for deriving with a poundance of sound common sense. She had faced the looss of her fortune with equanimity. Without a mimper she had faced the world and her with decade the looss of her fortune with equanimity. Without a mimper she had faced the loos of her fortune with equanimity. Without a mimper she had faced the world and her with equanimity. Without a mimper she had faced the world and for the trials. To give her little sister all that a girl could desire sine at times had been compelled to p

Founded on "Whitfire," a racing comedy by carefully. What conclusion he reached George Broadhurst and George V. Hobart, now running at the Liberty Pheatre, programming at the Liberty Pheatre, and the conclusion of the conclusion was:

> "Ah! Really!" "Yes, really!" mocked Donovan, who had caught to a nicety the accent of

"Lead pipe-really!" repeated Bertie. "Yes, really. And it goes as it lays." "Fancy," answered Bertie. 'Yes, really."

Tapping Donovan on the shoulder Ralph crumpled the tele- with his light stick, Bertle interjected: gram in his hand, frowning "I said fancy, I think I rather caught

> "By golly! You're a cut up " laughed Donovan, before turning to Myrtle to say: "Will you tell Mrs. Barrington when she comes back to the stable"-"Stable!" interrupted Myrtle.

"I mean, when she gets back home hand her the information that Mr. Donovan called and will call later."

ovan called and will call later."

"Certainly," replied the girl.

"Much obliged. Good morning, ladies."

Bowing elaborately to Bertie, he continued: "Tradespeople, huh? Say, Lord Blitheringham, I don't mind telling you you're a regular stampede with me."

"Really!" was Bertie's only comment. Donovan passed through the gate and down the road without looking back. His shoulders shook with suppress; merriment at the thought of his meeting with Bertie and his own repartee.

"What an extraordinary person." ex-"What a folly crowd your sister has

ern more striking than modish. Adressing Ralph he said:
"I moseyed over this way thinkin' I
since I was born, remember."

CHAPTER III.

the Man From the West.

OR a moment the four young people were alone; that is, they could pair off without the prescould pai Exipper yesterday. Did you keep off ence of a third party to make a crowd. To begin the small talk Bertie made

"What a ripping party we had last night. Don't you think so?"

"I liked that automobile chap Sanderson immensely."

"He is a nice man," chimed in Myrtle.

"Speaking of nice men, what's the matter with John Garrison?"

"Nothing that I can see," agreed Janet. "He was born and educated in the east, but mining lured him west soon after he got out of college. He struggled along for several years in all sours of sours for such finery as is dear to the heart of every woman.

Clasping Myrtle in her arms, she kissed her fondly, saying:

"The we're both after her. I'm not going to make another offer for her though until I see what she does in the Ocean Stakes to-morrow."

"That was my idea, too! I say you must have been reading my mind. Do you think Wildfire will win?"

"There's a mystery about that Duffy has struggled along for several years in all sours of such finery as is dear to the heart of every woman.

Clasping Myrtle in her arms, she kissed her fondly, saying:

"The house is simply lovely, my dear."

"That was my idea, too! I say you must have been reading my mind. Do you think Wildfire will win."

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Clasping Myrtle in her arms, she kissed her fondly, saying:

"The house is simply lovely, my dear."

"The house is almeryon at chair for her and placed them side by side. Each hoped the widow would favor him with a smile and the acceptance of lawn furniture he had selected.

"Mrystery?" Garrison looked up with supprise.

"Yes. As I understand it, Duffy has struggled along for several years in all sorts of camps, then struck it rich, and came back to enjoy his money in a civilized community."

Their tete-a-tetes were interrupted by the entrance of John Garrison who

deal. Underneath his seeming dense- pleased with the girl's evident pleasure

mess was a vein of shrewdness. He was a laways in good humor.

The morning. I say, when one party call, I admit, but I thought I badges until 4 in the morning one in meeting him. Nodding to the others, he continued: "It's rather early for a party call, I admit, but I thought I would walk over from the house and—badges until 4 in the morning one in the morning one in the morning one in meeting him. Nodding to the others, arounded the group joined Janet at the gate to great the group joined Janet at the gate to great in the cool of a summer afternoon and two reality good horses—could anything to the party call, I admit, but I thought I would walk over from the house and—body."

The Mark Particular is a summer afternoon and two reality good horses—could anything to the party call, I admit, but I thought I the cool of a summer afternoon and two reality good horses—could anything to the cool of a summer afternoon and two reality good horses—could anything to the cool of a summer afternoon and two reality good horses—could anything to the cool of a summer afternoon and two reality good horses—could anything to the cool of a summer afternoon and two reality good horses—could anything to the cool of a summer afternoon and two reality good horses—could anything to the cool of a summer afternoon and two reality good horses—could anything to the cool of a summer afternoon and two reality good horses—could anything to the cool of a summer afternoon and two reality good horses—could anything to the cool of a summer afternoon and two reality good horses—could anything to the cool of a summer afternoon and two reality good horses—could anything the cool of a summer afternoon and two reality good horses—could anything the cool of a summer afternoon and two reality good horses—could anything the cool of a summer afternoon and two reality good horses—could anything the cool of a summer afternoon and two reality good horses—could anything the cool of a summer afternoon and two reality good horses—could anything the cool of a summ

The Newlyweds -:- Their Baby -:- George McManus



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and to street wear. The princess style will be a favorite a long time to come and is much to be commended wherever it is found becoming, but there are figures to which skirt of regulation kind is better suited, and this one can be cut off at the waist line and finished with a belt if desirable. The quantity of material required for the

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One very large and carefully guarded room of his magnificent hotel suite-

Mr. Dohan, like Alfred de Musset, the great French toet of the gone time. finds it impossible to address himself to literary work unless fully clad in evening clothes, even to the white gloves and the crush hat, Mr. Dohan was seen in this garb in Broadway about 7 of the clock a few mornings ago, which caused him to be somewhat believe (only by way of chaffing, of course) that Mr. Dohan been out il night, when, as a matter of fact, he ad merely wandered, quite unconscious-

ly, while absorbed in the writing of thrash a Johnnie for her at the stage little ditty to be called "Aw, entrance.



While engaged in writing his Ameriwide when material can-flag-and-the-coin-forever plays, Mr. has figure or nap; 9½ Dohan, whose patriotism, as everybody yards 24, 7½ yards 32 or 4½ yards 44 inches material or a disease, always wears the garb, and his sister was about to be marwide when material of a disease, when to the chin has neither figure nor in satin, of Uncie Sam, even to the chin was to be served by a caterer, an en-

cut in sizes for a 22, the shouldn't get his 24, 25, 28 and 30 inch triotic atmosphere of his study. Mr. In his anxiety lest he shouldn't get his Dohan occasionally tosses down the pen share of the good things, he asked his to throw magic lantern slides of the sister about it, and she, of course, as-Boston Tea Party and the Bad Winter sured him that he could have all he at Valley Forge and Washington Cross- Wanted to eat. After she returned home ing the Delaware and the Surrender of she asked him how he fared, and if he Cornwallis on a screen at the .ar end had eaten all he wanted. He replied: of the study, while nine phonographs "I didn't eat all I wanted, but I ate (phonographs furnished by Sol Broom) all I could."-Chicago Journal.

Pipe Trances Press Agents

By Clarence Cullen.

Trance No. 8.



Greek dramatists has endeared him to the more scholarly students of the stage the world over. indulges in some singular but characteristic fancies in connection with his literary and musical writing. As the world well knows, Mr. Dohan

does the bulk of the more profound and subtle work of his play and song things: writing in the wee sma' hours of the morning, after most of the places that are any good are closed.

which comprises the entire hotel floor, one city block in area-is reserved for Mr. Dohan's play and song writing activities. Here, after he has watched the gradual extinguishment of the lights and the heaping up of the tables at most of the places that are worth while, Mr. Dohan lives in a little world of his own-a world peopled by the crowding friendly spirits of the cameoclear characterizations which have caused Mr. Dohan to be ranged second only to Ibsen and George Hobart.

The Garb of Uncle Sam. medium size is 12 Go Roll Y'r Hoop," from his study in

yards 24, 101/2 yards 32 the hotel to the street.

ap. whiskers (whiskers furnished by Hep-Pattern No. 6089 is ner), and, to further ! tensify the pa-

Old Rag," and other inspiring patriotic EORGIE DO- compositions written by Mr. Dohan H A N, the himself.

Fourth of July Mr. Dohan, by the ay, is thinking of Washington's purchasing Mount Vernon, the old Birthday and Dec- home of George Washington in Virration Day and ginia, and converting the place into a ankee Doodle and manufactory of American flags for use he - old - flag -and- in his own productions. The matter is he - dough come- in abeyance, however, until it is ascerlian, whose close tained if there be enough room on the atterning after large Mount Vernon estate for the erec-Aristophanes and tion of a plant of sufficient size to per-Euripides and mit of enough lags being made there to meet Mr. Dohan's enormous require-CLARENCE CULLEN Born and the other ments in this respect.

Trance No. 9.

ONFIDENTIAL, to Dramatic Editors: Miss Anna Jeld, whose season is about to open, desires the press to know that this year she will do none of the following

Lose her diamonds or find anybody

Take giraffes' milk baths. Allow any "well-known clubman" to



A Corsage Ornament.

Dine exclusively on persimmons for the attainment of a Cupid smile. Refuse to live at the Chicago hotel that declines to receive her nine pet hippopotami.

Win \$976,537.53 on the curb market in a little pyramid play on the advice of "a world-renowned financier." Wear a hooded cobra as a corsage

Minister nobly unto the wounded and

dying when she gets into a railroad Discover that she is descended from

Godfrey de Bouillon, the Crusader. Drop through a coal hole the \$9,000,600 emerald, containing on its surface forty engraved verses from the Koran, given o her by the Rhiff-Rhaff of Rec Almost fall fror the rear platform of her private car into a Rocky Mountain gorge 7,000 feet deep.

Miss Jeld, however, ma possibly figure in other exclu designs, arranged by the undersigned, of which you will receiv due notice in advance. (Signed) DIG UP NEWUNS. Publicity-Plugger-in-Chief for Miss Jeld.

Drew Distinction.

TE was once a boy of twelve, and tirely new experience for the brother.

conception of her gave place to out-

that easy and fluent 'Elleen' is part

"Answer to 'Hi!" Or to any loud cry!"

"Where on earth did you-I meen

right laughter at his own expense.

A Revelation of New York Society

(Copyright, 1907, by Robert W. Chambers.) "And you," she said, "talk like a minutes, Elleen? Besides, I haven't told to exact-without exacting-his para- | Please go, Captain Selwyn." SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS. Weighty as the years you carry. And "Drina, dear, you know I can't let Was there no common level of mental what troubles you."

Ruthwen, a cotilion leader. Returning to inexperienced as Gerald?" Ruthven is luring young Gerald E. gamble at his house. Selwyn begs Alixe to you this way?" Eileen is the ward of Selwyn's against Selwyn's advice, has been losing goes to the home of his sister, Nina Gorard, where he and Lansing his chum (known as "Bootr"), dine with Elleen and the Gerard children. Selwyn and Elleen talk, apart from the others, after dinner.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

Mid-Lent. mystery in rose gold.

laughed. "Me? I don't believe it! able to hold out for quite a while, you Never have you so honored me with see-counting my fingers as separate your fixed attention, Capt. Selwyn. You features! Oh, you've given me a taste really glare at me as though I were of it; it's your own fault, Capt. Selwyn, interesting. And I know you don't and now I desire more if you please-in consider me that; do you?"

"How old are you, anyway?" he asked curiously. Thank you, I'll be delighted to in-

form you when I'm twenty." You look like a mixture of fifteen eight!-and I completely forgot." and twenty-five to-night," he said deliberately; "and the answer is more and being so funny about the war in Sathan nineteen."

to feel as inexperienced-when I talk to clined his head; she placed both hands seek other interests of which she knew

us both; I age, you renew the frivolous Eileen and Selwyn walted. sit about and cross your knees and look like the picture of an inattentive young man by Gibson. You've admitted that you like two of my features, and shall expect you to notice and admit that you notice the rest."

"I admit it now," he said, laughing. "You musn't; I won't let you. Two kinds of dessert are sufficient at a ELICATE luminous shadow banded time. But to-morrow-or perhaps the her eyes; her hair, partly in day after you may confess to me your shadow, too, became a sombre approbation of one more feature-only one, remember!--just one more agree-"Whatever are you staring at?" she able feature. In that way I shall be

> semi-weekly lingering doses"-A perfect gale of laughter from the sofa cut her short. "Drina!" she exclaimed; "It's after

"Oh, dear!" protested the child, "he's mar. Couldn't I stay up-just five more

frivolous sage, and your wisdom is as him about Jessie Orchil's party"— mount consideration and interest? Capt. Philip Selwyn, of an old New York what is the answer to that? Do you you. Say good night, now-if you want equality where they could meet?-Samily, has resigned from the army because know, Captain Selwyn, that when you Mr. Lansing and your Uncle Philip to where termination of interviews might bis wife, Alixe, divorced him to marry Jack talk to me this way you look about as come to another party."

> on his shoulders, and, kneeling on the nothing; absorbed in them to her utter She nodded. "It's probably good for sofa, laid her lips close to his ear, exclusion, leaving her here with the days of youth when you were young When the child had ended and had do-because her eyes were not yet enough to notice the color of a girl's taken leave of all. Boots also took his strong enough to use for reading.

The question sobered Garrison and he

answered earnestly: "I think so much of such finery as is dear to the heart of her that I intend to buy her if I of every woman.

less gayety which had made him seem drop me and come back later." so young in Mis Erroll's youthful "Right, my son; "I'll finish a letter eyes. "Wait, Boots," he said: "I'm going home with you. And, to Eileen, almost absently: "Good night; I'm so very

glad you are well again." "Good-night," she said, looking up at him. The faintest sense of disappointment came over her-at what, she did ot know. Was it because in his con- "Yes; I have several"pletely altered face she realized the instant and easy detachment from her- voice. self, and what concerned her?-was t because other people, like Mr. Lan- nothing; then blank surprise silenced sing-other interests-like those which him, followed by curiosity. so plainly, in his face, betrayed his preoccupation-had so easily replaced tell me?" he asked.

What was it, then, that he found more interesting, more important, than their friendship, their companionship? Was she never to glow old enough, or ingly, "what is it, Elleen?" wise enough, or experienced enough

newer and more delightful with every

be mutual-might be fairer to her? "I'll just whisper one more confidence Now he went away, utterly detached New York, Selwyn frequently meets the Ruthvens, Alixe still secretly loves him. "And do you know," he said, "that I very fast," she said to Boots. He in-

F YOUNGER SE

"But, Mrs. Barrington, a country road

long evening before her and nothing to and there's nobody here. • • • I wyn, worried over a doubtful land deal (pro- hair and eyes. Besides, I'm very grate- leave; and Selwyn rose, too, a troubled, Lansing was saying: "I'll drive as far posed by Neergard, his business partner) ful to you. Hereafter you won't dare careworn expression replacing the care-

> and then come back"-"Can't you write it at the club?" "Not that letter," he replied in a low voice; and, turning to Eileen, smiled his absent, detached smile, offering his hand.

But she lay back, looking straight up at him. "Are you going?" "Stay with me," she said in a low

For a moment the words meant "Is there something you wished to an intimacy which had seemed to grow "N-no."

His perplexity and surprise grew. "Wait a second, Boots," he said; and change in his expression personal to age to convey that impression to us- friendship?" Mr. Lansing, being a fairly intelligent young man, went out and down the stairway. "Now," he sa'd, too kindly, too sooth-

"Nothing. I thought-but I den't care, how young he was after all!

"No, I shall not until you tell me "I can't."

"Why, it is nothing; truly it is nothing. . . Only I was-it is so early mischievous effrontery. -only a quarter pastaeight"-He stood there looking down at her,

striving to understand. "That is all," she said, flushing a trifle: "I can't read and I can't sew don't mean to bother you"-"Child," he exclaimed, "do you want

me to stay?" "Yes," she said; "will you?" He walked swiftly to the landing outside and looked down. "Boots!" he called in a low voice,

for me at the Lenox." cheerfully. A moment later the front door closed below. Then Selwyn came

back into the library. For an hour he sat there telling her the gayest stories and talking the most delightful nonsense, alternating with where men have such joily times— it—don't please misunderstand—only I sect under his confident guidance.

the subject and to her share in it. more welcome? Not one shadow in his tering. When you sit there with one ests?--isn't it?" pleasant eyes, not a trace of pallor, of lazy knee so leisurely draped over the "Yes."

ture a thousand matters of common better go." interest in that swift hour-incredibly "I am happier here," he said, watch- that it, too?" swift, unless the hall clock's deadened ing her. chimes were mocking Time itself with

She heard them, the enchantment "Then-then-am I, also, one of the still in her eyes; he nodded, listening, 'good times' a man can have?--when he that I am quite overwhelmed under meeting her gaze with his smile un- is at liberty to reflect and choose as he your cutting indictment of me. Old disturbed. When the last chime had idles over his coffee?" sounded she lay back among her cush- "A man is fortunate if you permit "Don't say that," she said; "that is

quite happily. "Am I to go?" him from her pillows:

toward the darkness outside-"some- never quite realized how-how you had "What do I care what I call anywhere where men go to have the good matured. . . That was my stupidity." body?" he retorted, laughing, "as long times they always seem to have. • • • "Capt. Selwyn!" in confused triumph; as they Was it to your club? What do men do "you never gave me a chance; I mean, there? Is it very gay at men's clubs? you always were nice in-in the same • • • It must be interesting to go way you are to Drina. • • • I liked even against our will. . . If you "Yes." is old self again! What could be stay, I shall never have done with chat-

They discussed, or laughed at, or ion ideas flash up in me which I desire of intellectual preoccupation and the mentioned and dismissed with a ges- to discuss with you. • • • So you had amused concession to ignorance must steadily, if gradually, disappear? Is

"Really."

"Thank you for staying," she said "Are you serious? I mean a man, not reverting to the old footing. I shall a boy-not a dance or dinner partner, or not permit you to go back." one of the men one meets about-every- "I don't want to, Elleen"-Smilingly thoughtful she considered where from pillar to post. Do you think "I am wondering," she said airliy, me interesting to real men?-like you "about that 'Eileen.' I'm not sure but

"Where were you going when I- and Boots?" that easy and fluent 'Elleen' is part for me at the Lenox."

"All right," returned Mr. Lansing somewhere—out there"—with a gesture don't know how interesting, because—I Gladys Orchil, for example?"

interesting incisions into serious sub- where men gather to talk that myster- knew there was something else to mejects which it nehanted her to disjous man-talk which we so often wonsomething more nearly your own age. you admit that I am a 'good time,' a der at-and pretend we are indifferent. It was jolly to know you were really Alert, intelligent, all aquiver between But we are very curious, nevertheless—fond of me—but youthful sisters grow characteristics, and your intellectual laughter and absorption, she had sat even about the boys of Gerald's age faster than you imagine. • • • And equal if not your peer in experience, up among her silken pillows, resting whom we laugh at and torment; and now, when you come, I shall venture I'm not sure that I shall answer at her weight on one rounded arm, her we can't help wondering how they talk to believe it is not wholly to do me a all whenever you begin 'Eileen.' Or I splendld young eyes fixed on him to to each other-what they say that is kindness-but-a little-to do yourself shall take my time about it-or I may detect and follow and interpret every so interesting; for they somehow man- one, too. Is that not the basis of even reflect and look straight through

"Community and equality of inter-

care, of that gray aloofness. How jolly, other, and your eyes laughing at me

through your elgar-smoke, about a mill- superior experience and the mattention

Astonishment and chagrin at his mis-"Really?"

By Robert W. Chambers.

Author of "The Firing Line" and "A

that choice." pleading guilty to the indictment and

"-And-in which the-the charity of you speak at all."

"But I won't answer to 'Hi!" " she retorted very promptly; "and now that

mature individual with distinguishing you before I reply-or," she added, "I may be so profoundly preoccupied with important matters which do not concern you that I might not even hear

(To Be Continued)